

Books of The Times

STATINTL

Where Failure Is Trumpeted and Triumph Is Mute

By CHARLES POORE

THE CRAFT OF INTELLIGENCE. By Allen Dulles. 277 pages. Illustrated. Harpers. \$4.95.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY two years ago inaugurated the vast new headquarters of the Central Intelligence Agency—an awesome sort of Lincoln Center of the great clandestine arts.

"Your successes are unheralded, your failures are trumpeted," the President told Allen Dulles, author of our book for today, "The Craft of Intelligence." At that time Mr. Dulles, a younger brother of John Foster Dulles, was preparing to retire as head of the C.I.A. after a stretch in-and-out of government that went back to the days of Woodrow Wilson and the Versailles Conference.



The New York Times
Allen Dulles

Now unheralded success and trumpeted failure are never very far apart in the work Mr. Dulles sketches

for us with what I can only call brilliantly selective candor. Indeed, there is material enough here on breathlessly high-level sleuthery to keep Helen MacInnes and Ian Fleming busy writing all kinds of thrillers. They'll have to supply the detective-star-crossed lovers, though, and the gloriously landscaped blondes.

Three successful aims seem to stand out in Mr. Dulles's book. First, he is writing an *apologia pro vita sua*. Second, he is telling us as much as he feels he decorously can about triumphs and disasters in the world's intelligence systems and how they have advanced or botched national and international aims. Third, he is opening vistas for dedicated men and women who are not content to mastermind their country's security vicariously but might want to take part in assuring it—not in swoops and forays, but with sick leave, pensions, and all.

Only Mort Sahl, among current commentators, makes more use than Mr. Dulles does of the play: "But I'll have more to say about that later." However, when he gets around to the heart of the matter, its intrinsic interest triumphs over an awfully muted style. Thus, for example, he will say, with a kind of planned offhandedness:

"And while I am discussing myths and misconceptions, I might tilt at another myth connected with the U-2, namely that Khrushchev was shocked and surprised at it all. As a matter of fact, he had known for years about the flights, though his information in the early period was not accurate in all respects. Published well before May 1, 1960, the date of

the U-2 failure, when Khrushchev's tracking techniques had become more accurate. Still, since he had been unable to do anything about the U-2, he did not wish to advertise the fact of his impotence to his own people and he stopped sending protests."

Then, in another part of the forest, so to speak, Mr. Dulles perhaps anticipates a possible resurrection of the once-prevalent idea that it wasn't cricket to look a nation over from 10 miles in the air—though observation from a ship near the three-mile limit or even in port is merely rugged free enterprise. Now he is talking about our Communist-dominated neighbor, Cuba, where the non-tourist pictures of Mr. K's suddenly established big missile sites gave us all quite a turn, a year or so ago.

The men and women who through photo-analysis produced the damning evidence were not amateurs. On the contrary, they had achieved their crucial competence, Mr. Dulles quietly notes, "from the study of earlier photographs of missile sites that would be entirely unintelligible or subject to misinterpretation in the hands of the novice."

In a way, this makes Chairman Khrushchev an interesting, if somewhat involuntary, teacher of photo-recognition work. What he enabled us to learn about it through the U-2 flights over Russia, we were able to apply (shall we say constructively?) when he decided to plant a blooming missile center among those hungry New-World "agrarian reformers" in Cuba. This, of course, is an illustration of the value of exchanging scientific as well as cultural achievements. Here, though, the very life of freedom is at stake. And, as Mr. Dulles shows, our rendezvous with destiny come pretty thick and fast these days.

End Papers

THE 1964 GUN DIGEST, edited by John T. Amber. 384 pages. The Gun Digest Association. \$3.95.

Guns are fun! That's the message of this Vogue-type slick-paper volume.

For instance, nostalgia: A 32-page facsimile of a 1908 Sears, Roebuck gun catalogue, including "a free trial offer on guns and revolvers." (Nice for the kiddies!) For \$2.98 one could get an American-made, five-shot, nickel-plated job.

And, for sport: An evaluation by Frank C. Barnes of military handguns for sports use—surplus weapons, mostly of foreign origin, available at low prices in comparison with sporting or self-defense arms.

For survival in a nuclear age: An appeal for "guns for everyone" so that survivors of a nuclear explosion can continue to survive by protecting water, food and cover from those without guns.

All in all, this is a book that has something for everyone, provided they look on guns as necessities, adjuncts to sports or merely